43

FRONTISPIECE.

Emily Trivenen

THE

WREN;

OR, THE

FAIRY of the GREEN-HOUSE,

CONSISTING OF

Song, Story, *and* Dialogue.

Founded upon actual INCIDENTS, and *put together*

for the AMUSEMENT and INSTRUCTION of three

LITTLE BOYS

During the CONFINEMENT of their MOTHER.

"Trifles, light as Air,"
Yet Confirmations of parental Love
And Duty not neglected.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The WREN; &c.

N the Green-houſe lives a Wren,
ttle friend to little men;
hen they're good ſhe ſhows them where
row the apple, quince, and pear:
hiſpers GEORGE, and whiſpers JERRY,
here to find the roſy cherry;
hiſks about from tree to tree,
ppy ſuch good boys to ſee;

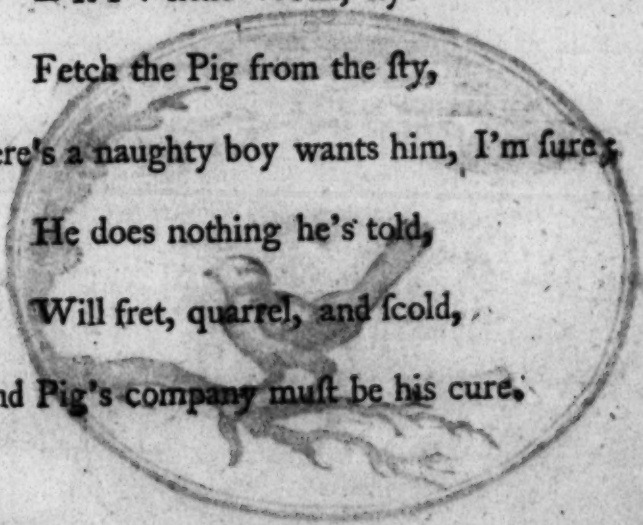
And flies, she does not care how far,
To tell their friends how good they are.

Good boys love, but bad ones fear her;
For when naughty boys come near her,
Then she turns her head away,
Leaves off all her little play,
And on cold water, and dry bread,
Sends them without a kiss to-bed.

The following verſes, on Cards, were found in one of the orange-tree-tubs, left, as it is ſuppoſed, for the purpoſe of being hung round the ſhoulders of her little pupils, as they happen to be naughty or good; the firſt being tied with a black ribbon, the ſecond with pink.—The Card tied with a black ribbon, which was the naughty Card, had, over the verſes, the picture of a PIG *— the Card tied with a pink ribbon, which was the good Card, had a picture of* LITTLE WREN.

The NAUGHTY CARD.

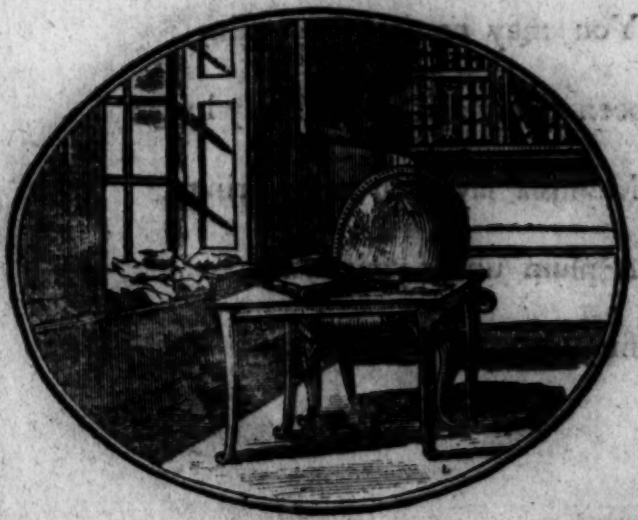
FLY! little Wren, fly!
Fetch the Pig from the ſty,
Here's a naughty boy wants him, I'm ſure;
He does nothing he's told,
Will fret, quarrel, and ſcold,
And Pig's company muſt be his cure.



The GOOD CARD.

LITTLE Wren! little Wren!
You may come here again,
I've been merry and good all day long;
Mamma ſays you may bring,
A plum under your wing,
And ſing me your prettieſt ſong.

The SAD MISTAKE.



TWO little boys had been good all day,
And went down with papa to dreſs,
When behold! in the ſtudy window lay,
What I'm ſure you would never gueſs:

A book that mamma for them had bought,
Lay cut into little bits;
If ever they read it, they ſure had been taught
To make better uſe of their wits.

Papa

Papa was ſurpris'd, and enquir'd of both
Who had done it, the one or the other?
What follow'd, to tell I'm exceedingly loth,
Each laid it upon his brother.

That he did it himſelf each did ſtoutly deny,
Till papa was oblig'd to declare,
That whoever he found out had told him a lie,
Should ſleep in the cold, dark air.

They

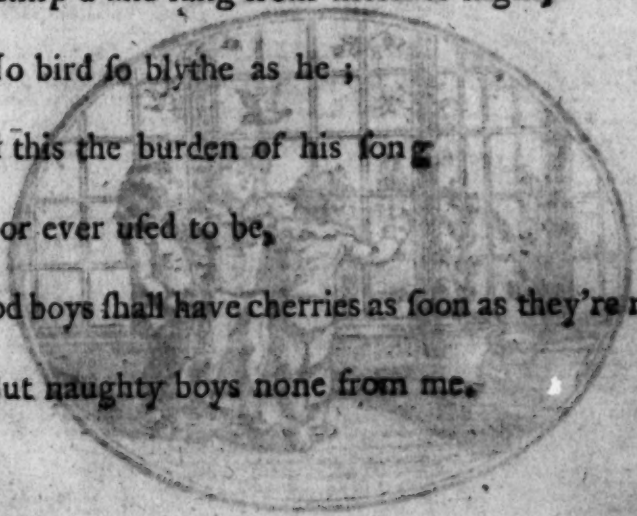
They then did acknowledge that each bore a part,
He bade them his words to regard;
This time they ſhould forfeit their raſpberry tart,
And go up ſtairs without a *good card.*

But if ever again they were caught in a lie,
That wickedeſt, loweſt of crimes,
The *cards* ſhould be burnt, little Wren away fly,
Nor papa ever make them more rhymes.

The

The little WREN's first COUSIN, the BLACKBIRD.

THERE was a gloſſy Blackbird once
Liv'd in a cherry-tree;
He chirp'd and ſung from morn to night,
No bird ſo blythe as he;
And this the burden of his ſong
For ever uſed to be,
Good boys ſhall have cherries as ſoon as they're ripe,
But naughty boys none from me.



The WREN and her three PUPILS.

In THREE PARTS.

PART I.

THREE little boys once, who, like others had been
Sometimes naughty, and ſometimes better,
Were reſolv'd to amend, and conſult little Wren
In the Green-houſe, where often they met her.

"Little Wren (they began) you ſay thoſe who are good
"Are belov'd; tell us what we may do
"To be good, for in truth, there is nothing we wou'd
"Not do, to be favor'd by you."

The

The Wren left the myrtle, in which was her neſt,
Her little heart beating with joy;
She whiſk'd round the plants, every feather new dreſt,
And flutter'd round each ſmiling boy.

"Moſt welcome (ſhe chirp'd) is your viſit to me,
"With pleaſure I'll give my advice;
"For when once little boys are determin'd to be
"What they ſhould, they grow ſo in a trice.

"My

" My leſſons are few—do whatever you're told
" By thoſe under whoſe care you live:
" The young ſhould obey, love, and honor the old,
" And bleſs the inſtructions they give.

" To your brothers, and ſiſters, and play-fellows kind,
" What you have, with them freely divide,
" That when *they* have ſomething to which you've a mind,
" You, in your turn, may not be deny'd.

" Say

[good,

" Say your prayers every morning and night, to grow

" Read you book every day to grow wiſe,

" Go to-bed when your heavy eyes tell you ſhou'd,

" And be cheerful and briſk when you riſe.

" Theſe few ſimple rules are enough at a time;

" When theſe you have perfectly got,

" And know what *to do*—I will find a new rhyme

" That ſhall then teach you what you ſhould *not*.

Thre WREN and her three PUPILS.

PART II.

THE three little boys went away to their home,
With hearts full of goodneſs and glee:
"Good-bye, little Wren (they ſaid) ſoon will we come,
"And tell you how good we can be."

Much oft'ner they did what their nurſes deſir'd,
Said their prayers, read their book every day;
And when they of reading and ſitting were tir'd,
With happier hearts went to play.

They

They would sometimes be naughty, indeed, and forget
The lessons their favorite taught;
And one, but his name I will not mention yet,
Was often and sadly in fault.

At last, when their prayers they could say, and their [book,
And began to behave more like men,
They had leave to go into the Green-house, and look
If again they could find little Wren.

They went and they call'd--their friend very ſoon came,
And, as uſual, ſhe perch'd, at their ſide, [name,
Chirp'd ſomething that each thought reſembled his
And their countenance earneſtly ey'd.

" That all have been better I'm happy to ſee,
" Tho' one not ſo good as the reſt;
" You HARRY I doubt"—HARRY dropt on his knee,
And forgiveneſs began to requeſt.

" I for-

" I forgive you (ſhe ſaid) on condition you never
" Again give me cauſe to complain;
" If you do you will loſe my good graces for ever,
" No ever my favor regain.

" You, JERRY and GEORGE, it is time I ſhould teach
" The things you ſhould carefully ſhun; [each
" Much has happen'd ſince laſt you were with me, that
" Muſt wiſh very much he'd not done.

" Never quarrel, nor fret, nor be ſulky, nor ſcold,
" In a paſſion be ſure never fly;
" Never touch what's forbid, or be forward and bold,
" Above all, never think of a *lie*."

At this GEORGE and JERRY began to look red;
The reaſon ſhe inſtantly knew,
Shook three times, in token of pity, her head,
And away to her myrtle-tree flew.

The WREN and her three PUPILS.

PART. III.

ALL night were theſe little boys reſtleſs and ſad,
Little Wren was alone in their thoughts;
What would not they give they had never been bad—
How truly repented their faults!

Sad went they to-bed—ſad to breakfaſt they roſe,
And their milk without ſugar were eating,
When they heard at the window ſome odd little blows,
As of ſomebody tapping and beating.

What was it but Wren!—who would tap and then fly,
As if wiſhing that they would come after:
The milk was ſoon eat—ſpoons and baſons put by,
And mamma could refrain ſcarce from laughter.

They ran to the Green-houſe, and each took his ſtand,
Half glad—half afraid to be there;
Each other they ſqueez'd very hard by the hand,
Tho' they thought ſhe'd a good-humour'd air.

[began,
And they thought very right—the Wren ſmil'd and

" My dear little folk, do not fear
" I ſhould ſcold you—I truſt each again is a man,
" And not one naughty boy I ſee here.

" Your bluſhes and ſimple looks yeſterday, ſhow'd
" You had done what you knew was not right;
" The conſequence was, what I then did forebode,
" You would ſuffer and ſorrow all night.

" For

" For the future, I truſt, you will ſcorn to excuſe
" Any fault, by concealing the truth;
" A lie, the affection of all men muſt loſe;
" 'Tis the naughtieſt error of youth.

" But I ſee you are brimful of ſhame, ſo no more—
" Wipe away from your eye-lids the tear;
" I will promiſe to love you as much as before,
" And meet you, while good you are, here.

"Good morning,"—she said, and hopp'd playful [away;

They remember'd full well every word;

And from that time to this I have heard mamma say,

Not a fib has from either been heard.

As a proof of Wren's forgiveneſs, and of her confidence in their attention to her leſſons, ſhe dropped a third Card, intended for the days on which they were all three *good, (as ſhe knew they muſt be, if her advice had effect) which they found in the Green-houſe the next morning, tied with a roſe-coloured ribbon.*

The THIRD CARD.

Come here, little Wren!
And ſee three little men,
Who are merry, and happy, and good;
Who do what they're bid;
Never heed to be chid;
And, by turns, read and play as they ſhou'd.

The MOUSE-TRAPS.

A DIALOGUE.

BOYS.

"TELL us, ſweet Inſtructreſs, pray,
"Did the gard'ner right to-day—
"Setting traps for little mice?
"Tempting them to go, and eat
"What they thought (poor things) a treat,
"And were buried in a trice.

"But

" But this moment did we hear,

" One brick tumble very near—

" Look'd to ſee what he could find;

" There lay poor dead mouſe within,

" Not a whole bone in his ſkin—

" Surely gard'ner is unkind!

WREN.

WREN.

"Little pupils, nearer draw,
"Happy am I, what you ſaw
"Gave your little hearts concern;
"Pity your young minds became,
"Yet is gard'ner not to blame;
"Liſten, and the reaſon learn.

Every

" Every day you ſee him ſow
" Peas, and beans, and ſeeds, to grow,
" And be ripen'd for your uſe;
" When he's gone, theſe little thieves
" Eat them up, or nip the leaves,
" Which the few that ſpring produce.

" Vain

"Vain to talk to mice he knew,
"Yet muſt ſave his labour too,
"Therefore muſt he ſet the trap;
"Wrong the mouſe you ſee was doing,
"Miſchief led him to his ruin—
"Miſchief always brings miſhap."

ELDEST

ELDEST BOYS.

" One word more you will forgive,
" Wiſhing ſtill that mice might live ;
" Could not gard'ner find ſome way "
" That would catch them, and not kill?
" We would take them, if he will,
" We will gladly with them play."

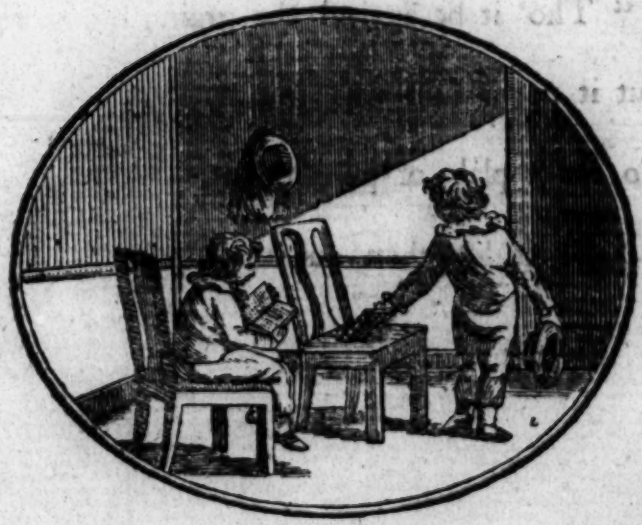
WREN.

" By no means, my little friend,
" This would only in the end
" More unkind and cruel be;
" Tho' *their* gambols *you* might pleaſe,
" *Them your* kindneſs would but teaze:
Mice, like you, love liberty.

" Little

" Little things we are ſometimes,
" Forc'd to kill for little crimes,
" Tho' it be againſt the grain;
" But it never ſure was meant,
" To make play of puniſhment,
" Or to lengthen out their pain."

The TRUANT BOY.



YOUNGEST BOY.

"BROTHER! Brother! come and play,
"Throw the tedious book away,
"Nobody's at home to-day;
"Therefore, brother, come and play."

ELDEST

ELDEST BOY.

" Brother! Brother! do not go,
" Abſence cannot, you well know,
" Any ſuch new right beſtow;
" Therefore, brother, do not go."—

GEORGE he would not reaſon hear;
Threw his book upon the chair;
Went to marbles without fear;
For he would not reaſon hear.

JERRY ſat and read his book,
Which his whole attention took,
Seldom did he upward look;
For he ſat and read his book:

Till he ſaw, come running in,
Wet and dripping to the ſkin,
GEORGE, who far from home had been,
And in haſte came running in.

JERRY almoſt wept for him,
Seeing him in ſuch a trim,
Tears were riſing to the brim,
And he almoſt wept for him.

Yet could not refrain from ſaying,
"See the conſequence of ſtraying!
"Had you good with me been ſtaying,
"This I had been ſpar'd the ſaying."

The ESCAPE and RECOVERY of the KITE.

"TWO boys of might,
" They flew a Kite,
" All on a windy day;
" When, at great height,
" Alas! this Kite
" Got loose, and flew away.

But

" But JOHN was light,

" And kept this Kite

" In ſight—ſo faſt ran he:

" And ſaw this Kite,

" At laſt alight,

" Entangled in a tree.

" With much delight,
" They ſaw their Kite
" Brought back, tho' ſadly tore;
" And vow'd their Kite
" Should be held tight,
" And never get looſe more."

This

This her roguiſh ſong, one morn
Blackbird whiſtled from the thorn,
Which her friends paſs'd daily by;
Watchful Wren ſat liſt'ning nigh,
And when *Cuz* the tale had done,
Thus, in graver notes, begun:

" Pleaſantly, my merry friend,
" Yeſterday's mishap has told;
" Now awhile to me attend,
" While its leſſons I unfold.

" Often are young folk inclin'd
" To diſpute their maſter's ſway,
" Think it hard to be confin'd,
" Nor allow'd to have their way.

" By

" By what happen'd to your Kite
" Learn the ills you would derive,
" If, like it, in luckleſs plight,
" You were left at large to *drive*.

" Soon you'd wiſh the guardian hand,
" That before you thought too tight,
" Had you ſtill at it's command,
" And could check, or guide you right.

" Soon entangled in the ſnares,
" Which rebellious youth await,
" You would grieve your headſtrong airs,
" And your error found too late.

" For tho' little pains may ſerve
" To repair unlucky *Kites*;
" Hard the toil that ſhall preſerve,
" Or ſet lawleſs *Boys* to rights."

The

The LITTLE INQUISITIVES.

A DIALOGUE.

BOYS.

"HOW comes it WREN, that we ſhould hear,
"From thoſe who ſhould love truth,
"That hungry Wolf, and frightful Bear,
"Prowl round for naughty youth?

"We often have been naughty, yet
"Nor Wolf nor Bear has come;
"Is it their duty they forget?
"Or are fibs right in ſome?"

WREN.

"Lovely Inquiſitives! I'm pleas'd
"To find you *think*, and *aſk*;
"Your doubts ſhall conſtantly be eas'd,
"And welcome is the taſk.

"When boys are ſullen and perverſe,
"And deaf to all that's true;
"Nor all the mild advice of nurſe
"Prevails—what can ſhe do?

" Parents, ſhe knows full well, are apt
" To pity and excuſe ;
" In corners you've been often clapt—
" Such means ſhe cannot uſe.

" She knows too, that misfortune will
" The naughty overtake ;
' But you're too young and tender ſtill,
" To diſtant ills to wake.

" With

" With good intent ſhe then employs
" The means ſhe finds ſucceed;
" But, oh! what ſtrangely naughty boys,
" Who ſuch ſtrange means ſhall need!

" Whom fear of Wolves and Bears alone
" Can good and happy make:—
" The good Boy's praiſe is all his own;
" He's good for virtue's ſake.

" And

" And he who's conſcious he is ſuch,
" Nor Wolves nor Bears need dread;
" Nor be afraid they e'er will touch
" One hair upon his head.

" Go you, and never give nurſe cauſe
" To talk of them again;
" Tell her you laugh at their great paws,
" You fear but little WREN."

The TELL-TALE MULBERRIES.

A STORY.

NEAR the ſnug retreat, where WREN
Met, and ſchool'd her little men,
Stood a Mulberry, which they,
As they paſs'd it every day,
Saw, and watch'd with eager eye,
Till the laſt and deepeſt dye
All the ſwelling fruit o'erſpread,
And black uſurp'd the place of red.

Underneath

Underneath this tree, one day,
As her pupils were at play,
Liſt'ning to their little chat,
On the Green-houſe top ſhe ſat,
When, unſeen, ſhe heard with pain,
HARRY thus to GEORGE complain:

"GEORGE, the fruit is ripe, you ſee,
"Tho' withheld from you and me;

"No

" No one ſees us—now's the time:
" I have a great mind to climb."
" Hold! cry'd GEORGE—you ſure forget
" We were bid, Be patient yet;
" By-and-bye mamma will come,
" And, if proper, give us ſome:
" Stay till then, pray, brother, ſtay!"—
Vain was all that GEORGE could ſay.

HARRY

HARRY, bent upon his will,
Climb'd the tree, and ate his fill:
While below his brothers ſtood,
Conſcious, true, that they were good;
Yet inclining, ſince they found
HARRY landed ſafe and ſound,
And unnotic'd, to repine,
They had miſs'd of fruit ſo fine.

HARRY's

HARRY's profitable fault
Coſt them many a reſtleſs thought;
That *he* ſhould eſcape perplex'd them,
'Till their own forbearance vex'd them.

But what happen'd on the morrow
WREN obſerv'd with ſeeming ſorrow;
For the reaſon was well known,
GEORGE and JERRY came alone;—
"Hey! (ſhe cry'd) where's HARRY flown?"

Both look'd blank, and hung their head:

"Is it ſo, young friends? (ſhe ſaid,)

"Is the wilful HARRY ſick,

"Who forbidden fruit would pick?

"Do you now regret you left

"All to him the tempting theft?

"No—I ſee your doubts remov'd,

"And this truth maturely prov'd:

"That, ſoon or late, miſdeeds will bring

"Their juſt, inevitable ſting."

ALL in the WRONG.

A DIALOGUE.

BOYS.

THREE brothers in three different ways expreſt
Their diſcontents—inſtruct us which is beſt?
The eldeſt fretted—ſecond ſulk'd—the third
Look'd grave, and ſwell'd at each correcting word.

WREN.

" Of ways ſo faulty none can be thought beſt
" Patience in accident is virtue's teſt;
" Attention to reproof is due, tho' loath, [both."
" And that firſt charm, Good-humour, ſweetens

CONCLUSION.

THUS their *habits* ever watching,
Every lucky ſeaſon catching,
For accompliſhing her ends,
Wren inſtructs her little friends.
They, in turn, grow every day
More enamour'd of her ſway,
And requite her tender cares,
Making all her goodneſs theirs.

Happy

Happy guardian! happy wards!
Each enjoying their rewards.
She, their little loves poſſeſſing,
They protected by her bleſſing.
O! could all, who naughty be,
Our little lovely tut'reſs ſee,
In her little court preſiding,
Now their childiſh errors chiding;

(Chiding with ſuch gentleneſs,
That her anger you'd ſcarce gueſs;)
Now rewarding every merit,
All would catch the charming ſpirit.

But on all who *read the tale*,
May her influence prevail,
And, *like my three little Men*,
All deſerve a guardian Wren.

THE END.

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